

## To M.

Call me thine own, dearest!  
Call me thine own,  
Whisper it softly,  
In love's gentlest tones;  
Murmur it over,  
In silence of night,  
Tenderly let it be,  
In moon's early light,  
Nought in the wide world can soothe like thy  
call me thine own.

Then call me thine own, dearest! Call me  
thine own.

Call me thine own, darling!  
"Dearest to me,"  
Like such words, then bright pearls  
From the depths of the sea,  
Like the sweetest of sweets—  
O'er tested before—  
My soul drinks them in,  
And keeps them for more.

O! the purest of bliss my fond heart has  
known,  
Has been born of the thought, thou has  
called me thine own.

Then call me thine own, love,  
Embossed with thy breath;  
These accents will linger  
Till the day of thy death;  
Whether heaven or earth,  
Or in rapture untold,  
I breathe on thy breast.

Still, still, round my path-way this blessing  
beams,  
That thou hast, dear, and ever will, call me  
thine own.

For the Gallipolis Journal.

## "CRY OF A BROKEN HEART."

O would that I were sleeping,  
In some silent, shady grove,  
Where sweet birds love to warble,  
And fragrant flowers to wave.

I would a weeping willow too,  
Might droop with tresses low,  
While near it some sweet silvery stream,  
In a pensive murmur flows.

Then might I rest secure and free,  
From all earth's care and grief;  
And this cherished and broken heart of mine  
Find a quiet, sweet relief.

Then come, O death! I'll welcome thee,  
As sent by the God of love,  
To take me from this world of strife,  
To the rest of saints above.

Eureka, April, 1864. MECKIE.

## OUR COUNTRY'S BANNER.

Air—"Avalanche's Daughter."

BY MISS VIRGINIA A. D. BUCH.

Like the sea, which in vain the waves madly  
assail,  
You still stand as firmly, for truth must pre-  
vail,  
Though traitors most foul would your colors  
disgrace,  
Every star shines still brightly, not one is  
defaced.

Those who seek to degrade you, their pride  
will decay,  
Like the foam on the ocean, their might pass  
away;  
Their grandeur will fade, like a vision from  
sight,  
While still proudly you'll stand, in your tri-  
umph and might.

Brave men round you rally, to succor and  
save,  
And their bright path of fame often leads to  
the grave,  
Still your stars and your stripes calmly wave  
o'er the sod,  
Where those heroes who fell, gave their souls  
to their God.

Like the clear beacon light, o'er the wild  
waters thrown,  
That forms a bright path to the mariner's  
home,  
An emblem of Liberty, faithful you shine,  
Sustained by Omnipotent power divine.

Our glorious Union shall rise in her might,  
Like gold from the mine, more radiant and  
bright;  
And our country, for aye! become many in  
one,  
While millions proclaim our triumph is won.  
Washington, Jan. 13, 1864.

## MY BEAU THAT'S IN THE ARMY.

Air—"The Girl I Love Behind Me."

I'm lonesome since he left my side  
To brave dangers and  
To cross o'er hill and rolling tide,  
And quarrel with the stranger;  
'Tis just one year ago this night  
He took his leave in sadness;  
But in a week his misadventure  
We'll meet again in gladness.

I long upon those ruby lips  
To print the welcome kiss,  
Assuring him my sacred vow,  
No, never can be broken;  
For I will ever constant be,  
Though life is dark and stormy,  
To him who is so gallant, brave,  
My beau that's in the army.

We spent the hours so sweetly here,  
Till Rebel soldiers invaded;  
So kind and winning in his way,  
That he could never be faulted;  
But at the alarm of the drum,  
He did both grope and dash away,  
By firing the nation's aid,  
My beau that's in the army.

The good who stay at home in peace,  
And dream of fame and glory,  
While others fight and die for us,  
Must feel a different story;  
Yes, I despise the coward drone,  
There's naught in him can charm me;  
But give me the man who's for home,  
By best that's in the army.

Now if there's one within our land  
Whose sympathy is callous,  
I do not think it would be just  
To stretch him on the gallows;  
But let him perish in the flames,  
Perhaps his better fate;  
To tell you that I'm not out  
My beau that's in the army.

THE GALLIPOLIS JOURNAL.

## Gallipolis Journal.

"EQUAL AND EXACT JUSTICE TO ALL MEN, OF WHATEVER STATE OR PERSUASION, RELIGIOUS OR POLITICAL."

Volume XXIX

GALLIPOLIS, OHIO, APRIL 7, 1864

Number 20.

## Miscellaneous.

## PICKED UP.

On the field of Gettysburg, a soldier's  
letter, without a signature and with no  
other address than the sweet name—

ELLEN: I am thinking to-night of  
the little home in the shadow of the  
walnut trees; where the flame-light  
dances on my own hearth stone, and  
my fair boy babies fold their small  
hands softly, and bow their bright  
heads reverently, while they syllable  
the low prayers that ask of God pro-  
tection for their soldier father. Ellen  
you must teach them to pray thus—  
"How long, our father, must the no-  
ble life in Columbia's veins gush on  
the blackened hands of traitors?"

How long must the crimson altar  
of patriotism reek with the warm  
blood of the brave, ere the stain is  
washed from the Nation's escutcheon,  
and the boast of "American Freedom" is  
unsullied by the clank of chains?

How long must the discordant jar-  
gon of contending and unselfish par-  
ties deafen the ear of an offending  
God to the prayer that bursts in  
waves of burning agony from the  
lacerated bosoms trodden down in  
the dust of our battle-fields?

How long must the lambs bleed  
ere the shepherds wake? God of  
Mercy, support the right!

Send this prayer from their lips,  
Ellen; perhaps their pure breath may  
bear it higher than mine can. I  
think sometimes the whisper of child-  
hood has a strength the loud voice  
of manhood never owns.

The strong right arm of the nation  
is outstretched; but is its heart warm  
is its brain strung to one tension—do  
the pulses of its life beat the same  
time? Does the head think while the  
hand struggles? Does the heart ache  
when the arm bleeds? Is the soul of  
the nation awake?

Ah! Ellen there is an eloquence  
that speaks above the clamor of fac-  
tions tongues! An eloquence to  
which the souls utterance of party  
feeling is like the trembling of the  
forest leaves when the thunders are  
awake. It is the eloquence of pain,  
of suffering, sacrifice and death—

Who dares to picture eloquence,  
while its living soul breathe in the  
ranks where freedom's heart weep  
blood for brethren in chains? There  
is no division of feeling here—the life  
that leaps upon the sword. There is  
no mean partisan-ship where unself-  
ish heroism pours eloquence on the  
whetted knife of Disunion till Colum-  
bia's broad bosom is in one indignant  
flush.

I am sent to night, my Ellen. There  
is a voice in my heart that sounds  
like the patter of my children's feet  
in their home-play haunts. There is  
a picture on my soul like the smile  
of Holy Writ, that makes my wife's  
face beautiful. And, all day, one  
word—a word whose music is a tone  
from Heaven—has been written on  
the blue skies, woven in the green  
sward, spoken to the wave by the  
sunlight—that word is "Home."  
You see, there is a traitor drop on  
my heart that makes me shrink some-  
times when duty calls, and always  
whispers "Ellen." You must not  
tell my brown-eyed Eddie this. His  
lofty scorn of traitors would be apt to  
challenge it.

Ellen! There is a spell in that  
name which takes me back to the  
"long ago" days, when the noisy, im-  
petuous school boy elected himself  
the protector and knight errant of a  
little pale, timid girl, challenged  
every other boyish form that flung a  
shadow on her path, and wandered  
out in the old woods of Alton, to  
gather bright-colored buds and sun-  
dried leaves, to breathe among her  
pale gold hair.

Later came an hour when the world  
was poetry, and the refrain of its  
mystery was "Ellen." A time  
when I thought a glove hand had  
worn, a flower her foot had touched,  
a prouder trophy than ever followed  
in the wake of Alexander's chariot  
wheels. I have not quite conquered  
this absurdity yet, Ellen. There is  
a tress of braided gold very near your  
picture in my heart—the sun picture  
that your smile painted there—a pack-  
age of letters and a bunch of wither-  
ed roses, among the incongruous  
contents of my haversack, that would  
not be cheaply sold.

Do you remember once, when we  
were children you were ill, and my  
passionate sobbing entreaty won me  
permission to see you? Do you re-  
member how wildly I called upon you  
to live! how dreary I told you the  
great wide world would be without  
you? how incoherently I tried to tell  
you what I afterward learned to ex-  
press better; that if you died I should  
be alone on earth?

"Alone, that was not there!  
And though a breathing world were near,  
Without thee, dear, was but a dream."

And my boyish heart spoke its  
deep anguish in the whisper, "I shall  
have no one to love me if you go to  
Heaven!" You said then, Ellen, in  
your pretty childish way, "I don't  
believe I shall die, Will, but if I do,  
I shall love you just as well in Heav-

en as I do here, and you will come  
there too, some time, and then we  
shall be so happy!" Oh! how my  
wild boy heart drank up the angel  
faith mirrored in the depth of those  
great, earnest eyes, and dropped in  
words, like pearls of purity, from  
those pain-whitened lips! It seemed  
to me then, that the little pale hand  
that trembled for a moment in my  
own, had strength enough to draw me  
up to the far shining Heaven! My  
heart was soothed and comforted; and  
do you know, Ellen, even now,

"Though I am farther off from Heaven,  
Than when I was a boy,"

those simple words have often spoken  
peace to the tempest of agony in my  
breast, as awakened by the thought that  
perhaps we should never meet again  
on earth!

There, do not weep, nor tremble  
wife, it may be so, and I would not  
have you unprepared. A soldier  
dreads death every hour, you know,  
my Ellen; and if my country requires  
my life as an obligation upon the  
altar of its weal, I desire to leave  
with you the assurance that in the  
far country, where the clashing of  
arms is never heard your soldier-hus-  
band loves and waits for you. It  
would be but a parting—a bitter one,  
indeed—but yet a parting, a few  
heart beats, and we should meet  
again.

Only a common soldier, yet, wife,  
but that signifies little. A true man  
and a patriot carries a prouder badge  
of distinction in his bosom than a  
serap of tinsel ever conveyed. A  
soldier may mark his path in the strife  
without the glitter of an epaulette or  
the motion of a plume. Many of our  
brave men have better certificates  
of worthy deeds engraved in their  
grinning flesh by the point of the en-  
emy's bayonet, than their country's  
gratitude can ever bestow.

I had more to say but my light is  
flickering low, and the shadows creep  
upon my page so fast. I have only  
time to add a prayer to God, that He  
will bless and guard my baby boys,  
Ellen.

Good night! Some time we shall  
meet again!

That was all.

## COPPERHEAD TACTICS.

The war has developed one new  
name of reproach, much more intense  
than all preceding names given to  
that class of men sometimes more  
despicable, and sometimes quite as  
dangerous, as open traitors. Tory  
and Coward were the names of Wash-  
ington's revolution; but the term  
of Copperhead covers something  
more contemptible than Coward or  
Tory. If there was little apology  
for a traitor now, when disloyalty is  
alike bad policy and bad morals,  
when even Jesus cannot obtain his  
price, and should hang himself with-  
out it. Copperheadism is still con-  
temptible, but weak, it is no longer  
a serpent but a worm, that in proper  
time the people will put foot upon  
and crush altogether. Its last tactics  
are as shameful as ever, but imbecile  
as well as wicked. The spectacle of  
unscrupulousness and puerility pre-  
sented in some of those leading jour-  
nals which appear to advocate rebel-  
lion more than Union may astonish  
and shame the sense and self-respect  
of every well-grown citizen. If dis-  
loyalty must have its representation,  
let it be in some more manly fashion,  
with arms in its hand, and down in  
LEE's army; but cowardice allied to  
mischievous, and every day publicly ex-  
hibited, is an exposure shameful  
enough to disgust the best rebel  
friends of some of our contemporaries.

## DEMOCRATIC LITERATURE.

Some Legislative friend has kindly  
furnished us the first volume of the  
Democratic Party in this State. In-  
order to deceive and mislead the  
people into reading the document, it  
is printed under the heading of "Re-  
port of the Directors of the Insane  
Asylum." The second volume will  
shortly be issued, entitled "Report  
of the Directors and Warden of the  
State Penitentiary," and contain a  
general history of that institution,  
with many interesting incidents in  
the lives of distinguished Democrats  
who are rusticated within its walls.

These two volumes will be indispen-  
sable to those who desire to keep  
posted in the history of the party.—  
San Juan Press.

## THE ILLINOIS OUTBREAK.

FACTS FROM AN EYE WIT-  
NESS.

A gentleman, who left Mattoon  
yesterday morning, informs us that  
the number of insurgent Copperheads  
in Coles county is about the same  
as that mentioned in our dispatches.  
They claim to be able to raise four  
thousand men in Coles and two  
adjoining counties, though he thinks  
an exaggeration, three thousand or  
three thousand five hundred, being  
nearer their available force. Our  
informant was at Charleston on Mon-  
day when the difficulty commenced.  
It originated in a retained opinion  
of the Fifty-fourth Illinois Regiment  
asking a Copperhead to show him a  
butternut. The latter replied very  
insultingly, when blows were ex-  
changed. Col. Mitchell of the 54th,  
the major, surgeon and several  
privates were near, but took no part  
in the dispute. At this juncture the  
Copperheads, 250 of whom were in  
and around the public square, drew  
their pistols, while some rushed to  
their wagons and took out guns, and  
commenced firing upon the soldiers  
and Union men. Col. Mitchell, as  
reported yesterday, was slightly  
wounded in several places, and five  
walls passed through his clothes  
without hurting him. The Major was  
also wounded the surgeon killed, and  
one or two soldiers and citizens  
killed or wounded. The soldiers had  
no arms, but defended themselves  
with bricks and clubs, the Union  
citizens coming to their assistance.  
The Copperheads finally judged it  
prudent to leave the town. On their  
way out they captured a Union sol-  
dier, who knew nothing of the dis-  
turbance. The remainder of the  
54th regiment, which was at Mattoon,  
was telegraphed to, and came to  
Charleston. The country was scour-  
ed, and the captured soldier found  
in a farm house guarded by six men,  
who were all asleep. Thirty-four  
prisoners were taken, and it is to  
rescue them that the Copperheads  
have ostensibly organized. There  
were apprehensions of an attack on  
Mattoon on Tuesday night and the  
26th Indiana veterans, who were on  
their way home, were prevailed on  
to stop over night for the protection  
of the place. They have been in the  
extreme South, but say never heard  
of treason talked until they reached  
Illinois. Our informant says the Cop-  
perheads are led on by the Sheriff of  
the county and other men high in  
power, are well drilled and mean  
mischievous, unless they see that effective  
resistance to their insolence will be  
offered.

WHO ARE THE SYMPA-  
THIZERS?

A Kentucky contributor to the Cincin-  
nati Gazette proves by figures that  
the counties in Kentucky which have  
sent most men into the Union armies  
and the fewest into the rebel armies,  
have the smallest slave populations,  
and that the counties which have  
furnished the fewest loyal soldiers  
and the most rebel, have most slaves.  
In other words, men who have no  
slaves are patriots; men who own  
them, are or are friends to slaveholding  
rebels or their sympathizers.

## MILLARD FILLMORE.

The Buffalo Commercial Adver-  
tiser, judging from a speech deliv-  
ered by Mr. Fillmore at the Sanitary  
Fair in that city, classes that gentle-  
man with such men as Vallandigham,  
the Woods, and the Seymours.  
His sympathies are not with the  
Government in the struggle now go-  
ing on. He does not think the Union  
worth preserving unless slavery  
could be preserved with it. What a  
fall! It is a pity that a man of such  
meanness of soul should ever have  
filled the Presidential chair, even by  
accident.

## A CLERGYMAN WAS ONCE SENT

for in the middle of the night by  
one of the ladies of his congregation.  
"Well, my good woman," said he,  
"so you are very ill, and require the  
consolation of religion. What can I  
do for you?"

"No," replied the old lady, "I am  
only nervous and can't sleep."

"How can I help that?" replied the  
parson.

"O, sir you always put me to sleep  
so nicely when I go to church, that I  
thought you could do it now, if you  
would only preach a little to me?"

## A SOLDIER DROWNED.

A soldier by the name of Joseph Wolf,  
a member of the 4th Infantry, fell from  
the steamer Silver Cloud yesterday  
morning at Matamoras, and was  
drowned. He was stooping down  
over the guard to draw up some  
water, when he accidentally slipped  
and fell into the river.

## A HIGH LETTER.

The following letter is from a young  
rebel woman residing at Greenland  
Gap and is addressed to a soldier of  
the 4th West Virginia Infantry, who  
seems to have made some impression  
upon her. The soldier was at New  
Creek at the time he received the let-  
ter.

Well John betwixt god and man  
and before all the people I will say a  
word or two I want to know how you  
are getting a long since you left here  
John me and Mary and Jane, turner  
don't do any thing but play cards  
since you left now John don't cry  
when you read Mary's letter I tell you  
I laugh when I wrote it for know how  
you are I know you from old John  
I want you to write to me and tell me  
how much you cry about Mary when  
you left expect you cryed with out  
tears John don't grieve yourself  
to death about Mary but no danger of  
your greeving about her John come  
up some knight and stay until bed  
time and bring a deck of cards with  
you and we will play cards when  
you write if get any needles on socks  
a going to new creek, give my love  
to old Mr. goz I will quit so good by  
John.

## ANN REBEKA CHERRYTHOMES

The letter is published partly as a  
literary curiosity and partly as an  
argument in favor of the common  
school system which the new State of  
West Virginia intends to put in op-  
eration in the benighted districts from  
which it hails.

AN OLD DESCRIPTION OF A  
COPPERHEAD.

In one of the speeches made dur-  
ing the last war with Great Britain  
by Felix Grundy, of Tennessee, oc-  
curs the following description of a  
thorough-going Copperhead, as seen  
at the present day:

An individual goes over, joins the  
ranks of the enemy, and raises his  
arms against his country, he is clearly  
guilty of treason under the Con-  
stitution, the overt act being com-  
mitted. Suppose the same indi-  
vidual not to go over to the enemy,  
but to remain in his own neighbor-  
hood, and by means of his influence,  
to dissuade ten men from enlisting,  
I ask in which case has he benefited  
the enemy and injured the country  
most?

Again, he says, in answering the  
question, "Whom, then, do I accuse?"

I accuse him, sir, who professes to  
be the friend of his country and en-  
joys its protection, yet proves him-  
self by his actions to be the friend of  
its enemy; I accuse him who sets  
himself to work systematically to  
weaken the arm of this Government  
by destroying its credit and dampen-  
ing the ardor of its citizens; I ac-  
cuse him who has used his exertions  
to defeat the loan and prevent the  
young men of the country from going  
forth to fight their country's battles;  
I accuse him who announces with joy  
the disasters of our arms, and sinks  
into melancholy when he hears of  
our success. Such men I cannot  
consider friends to this nation.

FIGHT BETWEEN TWO REBEL  
REGIMENTS.

A letter from Nashville, 12th, gives  
the following account of a fight be-  
tween two rebel regiments in Joe  
Johnston's army in Georgia:

"The 2nd (Rebel) Kentucky caval-  
ry, formerly commanded by General  
John Morgan, and the 3rd (Rebel)  
Alabama cavalry, formerly com-  
manded by General Withers, had a se-  
rious fight on the 9th inst, the cir-  
cumstances of which are as follows—  
The term of service for May  
next. On the 8th inst, they re-  
ceived an invitation from Gen. Joe  
Johnston to re-enlist. The regiment  
almost unanimously refused to do so,  
and Colonel Woodward, Maj. Lew-  
is and Captains Williams and Kreizer,  
who had encouraged the men so to  
act were subsequently arrested and  
placed in prison. At this the reg-  
iment mutinied and were placed  
under guard of the 3rd Alabama,  
whom they turned upon and whipped  
killing and wounding forty-two of  
them. The Kentuckians only lost  
three killed and nine wounded, and  
succeeded in completely routing the  
Alabamians. The Kentuckians then  
scattered in all directions, some thir-  
teen of them, including a Lieut, for-  
merly on Stonewall Jackson's staff,  
arrived at Chattanooga next day.

ARRIVAL OF THE 4TH WEST VIR-  
GINIA INFANTRY.

The steamer Silver  
Cloud No. 2, arrived last evening at  
the landing, having on board the war-  
rior veteran 4th West Virginia In-  
fantry, Col. James H. Dayton. The  
approach of the steamer was announ-  
ced by the firing of cannon from the  
vicinity of the Baltimore and Ohio  
Railroad Depot, and although it was  
raining pretty hard a large number  
of citizens assembled upon the land-  
ing.

The men were formed and marched  
up to the Baltimore and Ohio passen-  
ger depot where a lunch and hot  
coffee had been prepared.

Mr. John R. Hubbard introduced  
Governor Boreman to the regiment,  
and his Excellency made a few re-  
marks of welcome, after which the  
soldiers fell upon the lunch and cof-  
fee.

RE-ORGANIZATION OF MILI-  
TARY COMMANDS.

General Stahl is to be chief of staff  
to General Sigel. General A. W. Hill  
has been placed in command of all  
the cavalry in that department. A  
thorough reorganization of the forces  
of the department has been inaugu-  
rated and will be rapidly accomplished.  
Gen. Milroy will also take command  
under Sigel.

The rebel crisis, like the re-  
bellion itself, is a paradox. A war  
without a treasure or a commissariat  
is quite as natural as a war for lib-  
erty to save slavery. The sum of the  
predicament is well told, as fol-  
lows:

The rebel Secretary of Treasury,  
Meminger, says that unless his pro-  
posed loan of a thousand millions  
shall be taken up by April next, the  
dilapidated Southern Confederacy  
will tumble to pieces; the rebel Sec-  
retary of War, Seddon, says that un-  
less the farmers within the realm of  
Jeff Davis are made to disgorge  
their possessions the blessed Confed-  
eracy will die of starvation; the rebel  
Senator Wigfall says that unless he  
enforce the conscription of every  
white man capable of bearing arms,  
their hard-up Confederacy will sur-  
vive only to go to the dogs.

Thus, unless Mr. Meminger can  
raise more money than can be loaned  
or given; unless Mr. Seddon can ob-  
tain more provisions than he can  
get; and unless the Southern army  
can gain more men than is possible,  
the Confederacy will tumble to pieces,  
die of starvation, and go to the dogs.

## THE MILITIA BILL.

In the State Senate on the 21st  
inst, the militia bill was considered  
and passed; yeas 28, nays 4; the cop-  
perheads, of course, voted in the nega-  
tive.

Lang (Dem.) moved to amend title  
by calling it a bill establishing an ex-  
pensive and oppressive standing  
army in the State of Ohio, and to  
crush out of existence the few last  
vestiges of civil liberty still remain-  
ing with the people.

Mr. Loudon, of Brown County, a  
Democrat of forty years standing,  
and a man of silver hairs of seventy  
winters, rose in his seat and admin-  
istered to Lang one of the severest  
castigations mortal man ever had.

"We do not lie wholly at our  
death; we have moldered away long  
before. Faculty after faculty, inter-  
est after interest, attachments disap-  
pear! We are torn from ourselves  
while living, year after year sees us  
no longer the same, and death only  
consigns the last fragment of what  
we were to the grave."

A REMARKABLE COUNTER-  
FEIT.

One of the officers from Libby  
Prison presented Gen. Spinner, Uni-  
ted States Treasurer, with a five dol-  
lar note, manufactured by the officers,  
in imitation of greenbacks, so well  
executed that even Spinner was at  
first deceived. It was done with a  
pen. Its manufacture was resorted  
to by officers to obtain the neces-  
saries of life. One hundred and seventy  
dollars were exchanged for rebel  
currency, at the rate of fifteen hun-  
dred per cent.

## The Vallandighamites of

Ohio have resolved to "take posses-  
sion of the Democratic party, and  
use it for their purposes." Those  
purposes will be interesting to all in-  
terested.

## The Copperheads of Maryland

are making a strong effort to get a  
controlling power in the approach-  
ing Constitutional State Convention,  
but their prospects are not brilliant.

## It is worth noticing that nearly

all the officers who recently escaped  
from Libby prison, and reached our  
lines, acknowledge their indebtedness  
to the negroes. They invariably  
found the negroes friendly and wil-  
ling to serve as guides, and anxious  
to provide them with food and point  
out hiding-places.

## Within six days ending on

Wednesday last, 149 refugees, from  
the South arrived in Baltimore.—  
They fled, some to avoid con-  
scription, and others to escape starva-  
tion.

## A young lady compositor, and

employed in the office of the Guide  
Monthly. If ever you (a girl) get  
able to run a newspaper, send me  
one, we intend to get some good-looking  
girls to "set up" with us.

## Squabbles, an old bachelor,

shows his stockings, which he has  
just darned, to a maiden lady, who  
contemptuously remarked: "Pretty  
good for a man darning." Whereupon  
Squabbles rejoined: "Good  
enough for a woman darning."

## ABOUT THE LIBBY PRISON.

The officers here from Richmond  
are full satisfied that the Libby  
prison has been blown up in case Kilpat-  
rick's men had entered the city.